

CHANDAMAMA

AUGUST 1986

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Turn to Page 11
for 'STORY OF
RAMA'





Once there was a little bee.
A funny smiling bumble bee



But whenever paper he tried
to stick, it would fall off with
a tiny click.



He was sad, and was about
to howl. When suddenly he
saw a rabbit and an owl.



Imagine his glee, they were
bottles of gum. And the
name on them was Fevigum.



He could see the colour was
pink. He said 'It will smell
nice I think.



He opened it, yelled a
happy yell. Because it had
a strawberry smell.



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stuck it all so neatly.



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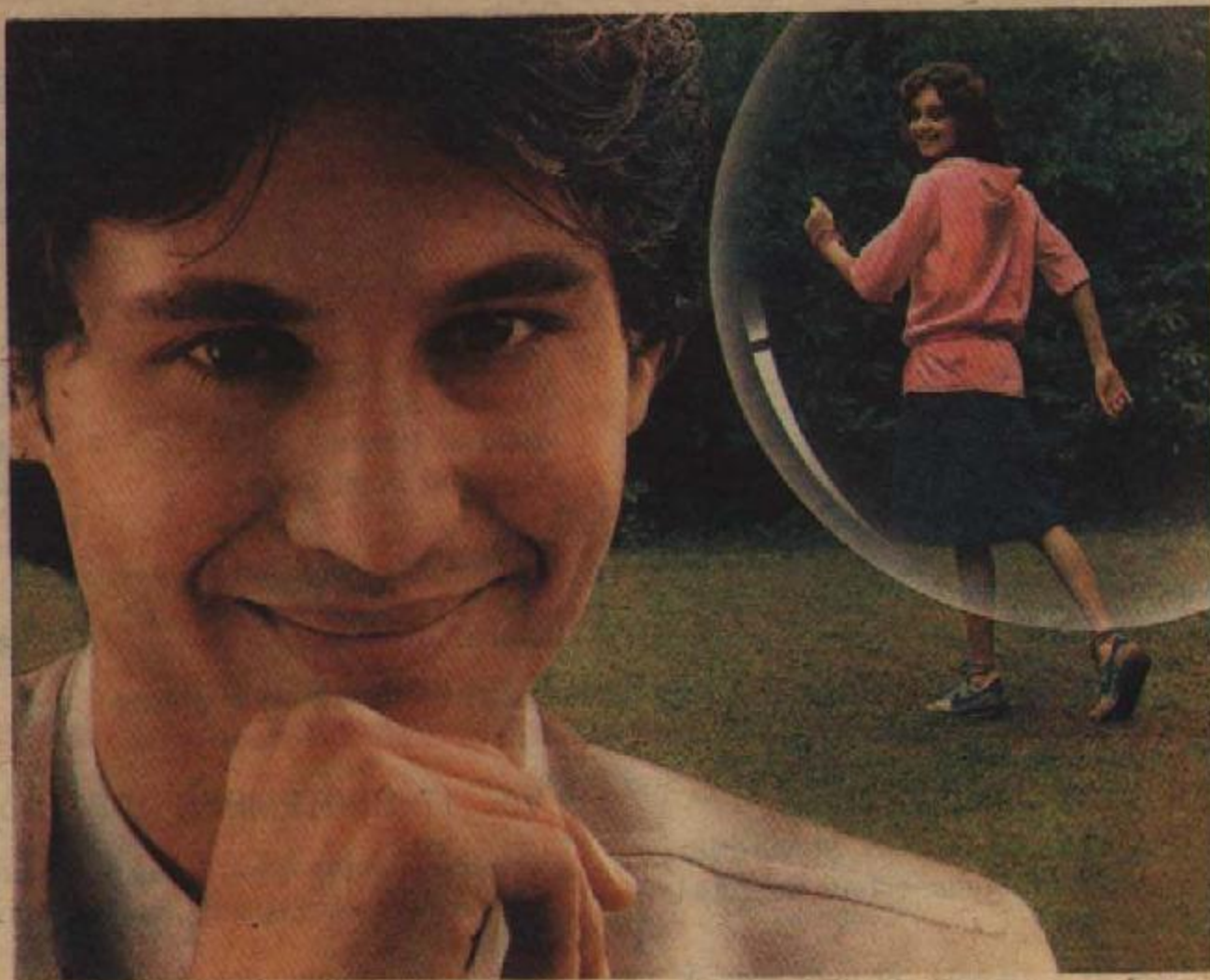
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and offered my pack
of fresh mint
bubble gum.
She popped
one in.
And she smiled



Was it my charm, or was it my bubble gum?



Foxy Foxy
Spearmint Bubble Gum



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- Miracle at the river—A tale to remember in the series *Legends and Parables of India*
- A Character from the Classics, a bunch of delightful tales, *News Flash, Let Us Know*, Mysteries of nature, Strange but true events and more.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

आरम्भगुरुर्व क्षयिणी क्रमेण लघ्वी पुरा वृद्धिमती च पश्चात् ।
दिनस्य पूर्वार्धपरार्धमिहा छायेव मैत्री खलसज्जनानाम् ।

*Ārambhagurvī kṣayiṇī krameṇa laghvī purā vṛddhimatī ca paścāt
Dinasya pūrvārdhaparārdhabhinnā chāyeva maitrī khalasaj-janānām*
Friendship among the bad and the good are like the shadows during the first half and the second half of the day respectively. The former begins quite big, but becomes smaller. The latter begins small, but grows bigger. —*Bhartriharishatakam*

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Controlling Editor:
NAGI REDDI
Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

WHY NOT ?

As a little child you might have quarrelled over a toffee or a toy with your playmate. You don't do so now. In fact you feel like laughing when you remember of those petty incidents which appeared to you so grave in days gone by.

Why is this change? Because you have higher goals before you—you have greater ideals to pursue.

When man develops greater aims, he does not quarrel over smaller things. We are unfortunate that we are quarrelling over one another's religion, one another's language, one another's region, so on and so forth.

We must set higher goals before us. We must strive to grow over our present condition. Why not? Man himself has evolved from some lesser creature. Why can't he evolve into a higher being?

Thoughts to be Treasured

The ideal must not be lowered because of our weaknesses or imperfections.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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Regular brushing with Colgate
gives your family clean, fresh breath, strong healthy teeth.
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*You'll love
its fresh minty taste!*



NEWS FLASH



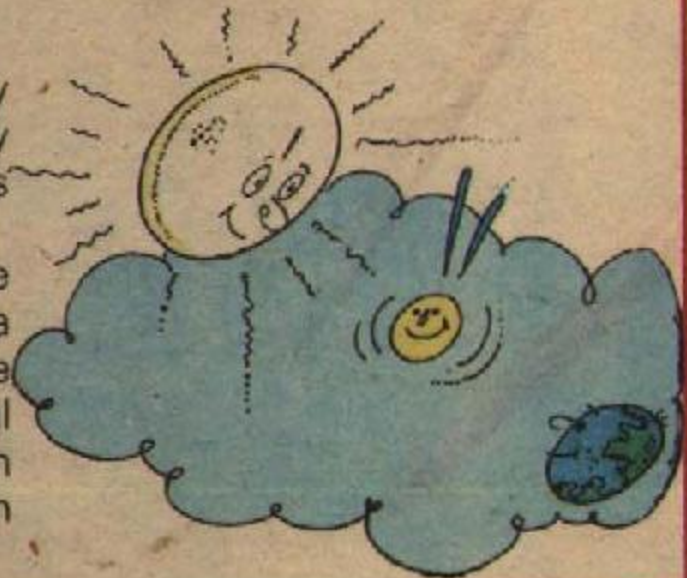
TOO MANY PEOPLE

By the turn of this century Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi will figure among the world's ten most populated cities, says a report by a U.N. wing. At present, Mexico City is the world's most populous city with 18 million people. By the year 2,000 it will have a population of 26.3 million followed by São Paulo with a population of 24 million. The region of Tokyo-Yokohama in eastern Japan, with 17.1 million people, will be the third populous city.

THE GOLDEN MARS

A "golden" Mars will rise in the sky on July 10 this year, heralding the onset of a very rare astronomical phenomenon, reports UNI.

Scientists at Holkar Science College here say the planet will change colours from a rare orange to a bright yellow. This will be because the Earth, the Sun and Mars will be aligned in a single line on that day. Such a situation is known as an opposition in astronomy.



PERSEVERANCE TRIUMPHS

Yoshio Furuichi, a 42 year old man who had been disabled in a bulldozer accident, has succeeded in climbing a Himalayan peak with snowshoes on his hands, assisted by friends and sherpas. Although handicapped, he had earlier climbed Mt. Fuji in Japan.



Ravi's bored of comic books,
with games and toys and catching cock
there must be something to be done
All by myself and yet have fun!

Here's my set of Ekco pens
I'll sketch my house, my school and friends
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STORY OF

RAMA



—By Manoj Das

(Story so far: On the eve of the proposed coronation of Rama, Kaikeyee, the second queen of King Dasaratha demanded that Rama be exiled and her son Bharata be made the Crown Prince. Since the king had promised to grant her her wishes, Rama, accompanied by Sita and Lakshmana, left for the forest. The king died a heart-broken man.)

BHARATA'S ANGUISH

Bharata woke up at midnight in the castle of the King of Kekaya. He was expected to enjoy his sojourn at his maternal uncle's house. Nothing was lacking in the arrangements for making him and his brother Shatrughna happy. Their cousins showed them beautiful valleys and festive temples.

They were entertained by dancers, singers, magicians and clowns. But one day Bharata felt a heaviness in his heart. At night he dreamt an unusual dream: he saw his father tumbling down a hill — and falling into an oily river!

He could not sleep for the rest of the night. Early in the morn-



ing he was informed that messengers had arrived to take him back to Ayodhya.

Bharata and Shatrughna left for their home without any delay, though the messengers did not tell them why they had been summoned so urgently.

When Bharata entered Ayodhya seven days later, he was aghast at the atmosphere of the city. People greeted him with lifeless gestures and it appeared as if they had forgotten how to smile!

He entered the palace hastily and straight went into his mother's apartment. Queen Kaikeyee took him into her

arms and kissed him, but when she told him that for his sake she had managed to banish Rama and that the King was no more, Bharata fell down in a swoon.

On recovering, he grew furious with his mother. His angry words smashed the dream-castle Kaikeyee had built in her imagination — where she reigned supreme as the Queen Mother! Manthara, the brain behind Kaikeyee, had bedecked herself with jewellery and looked like an "ornamented she-monkey". As she came out with a broad smile, Shatrughna dragged her into the courtyard, ready to rain blows on her back. Bharata,



however, forbade his younger brother to harass her. Released, she fled crying and cursing her fate.

Soon Bharata composed himself and gave attention to his duties. King Dasaratha's dead body which was preserved in oil was brought out and Bharata duly performed the funeral. At the end of the twelve days of rituals, the council of ministers and advisors, presided over by Sage Vasistha, the guru of the royal family asked Bharata to ascend the throne and begin to rule the kingdom.

But Bharata declined the offer with calm determination. "Forthwith I start for the forest, to locate Rama. He is the heir to the throne. That is the truth. I refuse to be guided by any other argument," he declared.

As Bharata prepared to set out in search of Rama, Sage Vasistha, the queens, their maids and the ministers too proposed to accompany him. Bharata had no objection to this. Thus began a solemn expedition into the forest.

But then Rama had bid good-bye to his charioteer and had gone a long way into the forest.



He had spent some time with his friend Guha, the chief of a tribe of forest-dwellers, and in the Ashram of Sage Bharadwaj, and was camping at an enchanting place, Chitrakuta. Bharata followed his trail with the cues given to him by these noble hosts of Rama and approached Chitrakuta.

Lakshmana noticed the incoming party from the top of a tree. Since there were soldiers in the group, he wondered if Bharata was coming with any evil motive. Rama, however, was sure that if at all it was Bharata, he must be coming to persuade him to return to

Ayodhya.

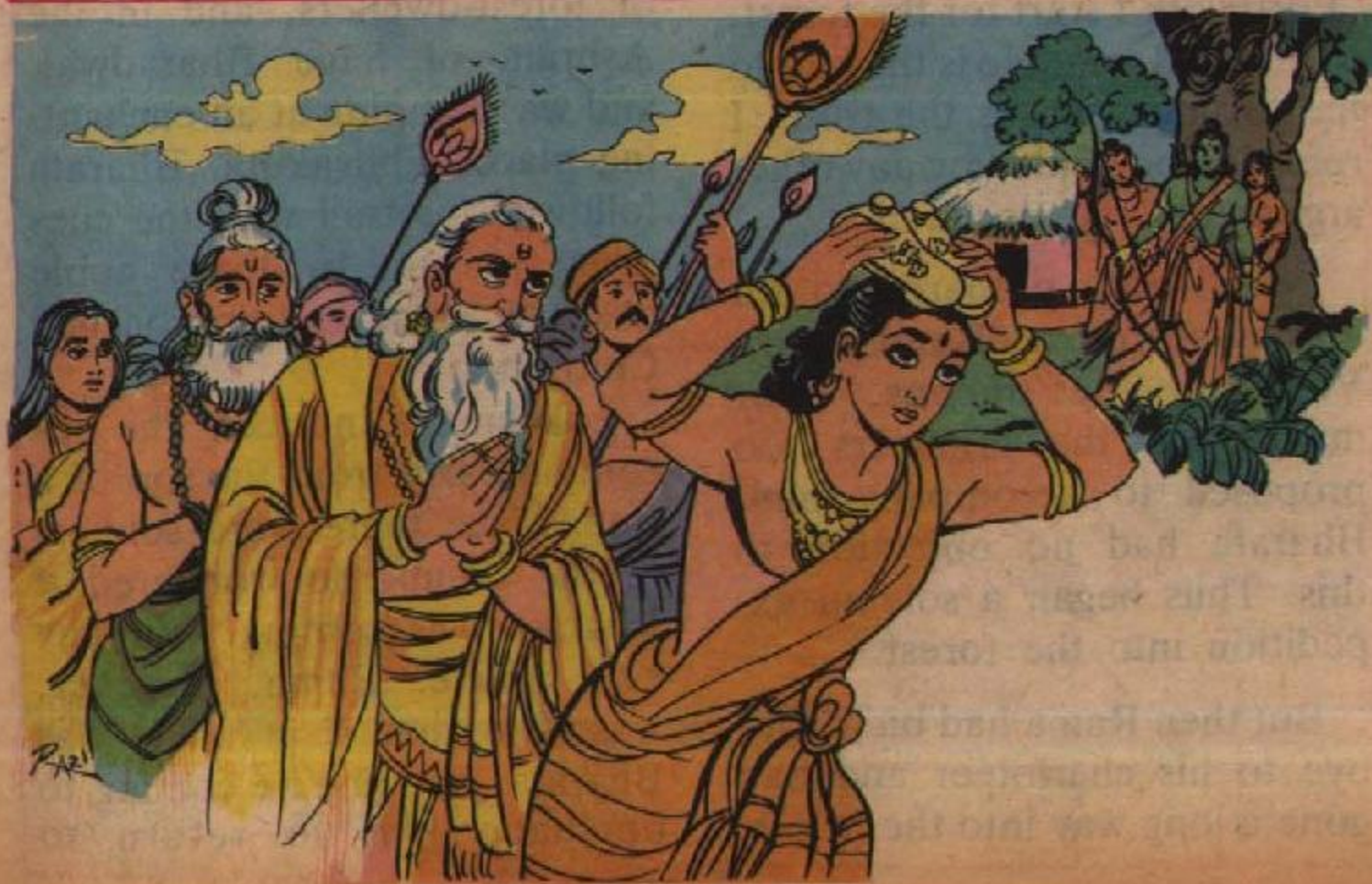
The scene that followed was a moving one. Mother Kaushalya shed bitter tears to see Rama dwelling in a hut and Sita living like a hermitess. Bharata prayed to Rama to revoke his decision. But Rama did not yield. When all his persuasions failed, Bharata insisted that he too be allowed to stay on in the forest. Now it was Rama's turn to persuade him to take up the sceptre and rule the kingdom. Bharata agreed to abide by Rama's instruction only on the condition that he will not ascend the throne himself, but will act as the viceroy of Rama, the real

king.

At Bharata's request, Rama parted with his sandals. Bharata returned to Ayodhya holding aloft the sandals for the most part of the journey.

After bidding a tearful farewell to all, Rama, Sita and Lakshmana left Chitrakuta for further South. It was because the streams and the trees of the place had become associated with the near and dear ones and the memory haunted them.

On their way they passed a night at the Ashram of the great sage Atri and his wife Anasuya. The sage couple treated them like their children and Anasuya



presented to Sita clothes and ornaments that would never be soiled.

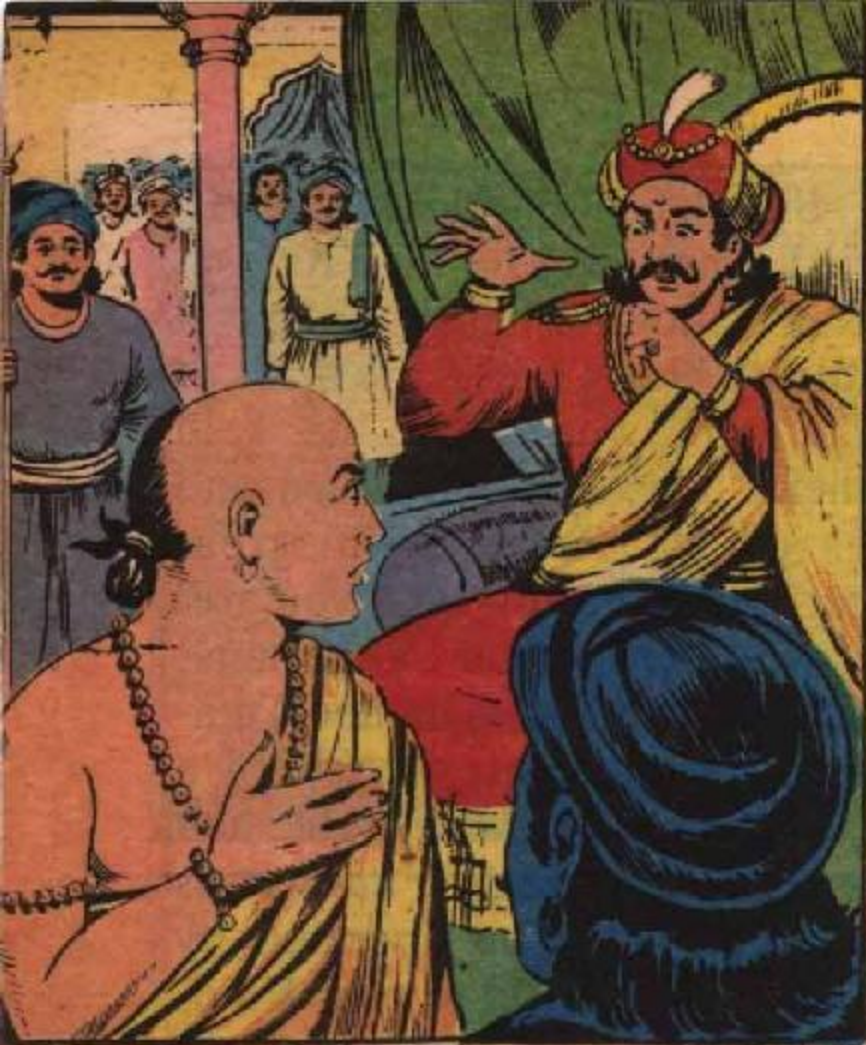
As Atri and Anasuya looked on, they entered a deeper area of the forest — “like the sun hiding behind the clouds”. So far their wanderings in the forest had been safe. But suddenly they were confronted by an ogre who was huge as a hillock and ghastly beyond imagination. He lifted Sita and announced his intention to keep her with him. At once Rama and Lakshmana began shooting arrows at the terrible creature. Such was his body that the arrows passed through him, blood-stained, but he did not seem to be much troubled by them. However, he left Sita and took hold of Rama and Lakshmana and put them on his shoulders and began to run.

Sita, left alone, looked horrified. There was no time to lose. Rama and Lakshmana, with two mighty blows broke the arms of the ogre with which he held them. The ogre fell down and gazed at Rama with great curiosity. “I know who you are. You are Rama and Lakshmana. I was a Gundharva named Tumburu, changed into an ogre by a curse from Kuvera. He had assured me that I, known as Viradha, shall be liberated by you. I am grateful to you. Kindly dig a pit and throw me into it,” said the ogre.

Lakshmana dug a pit. As soon as Viradha was thrown into it, he gave out a cry that shook the forest and died. Rama, Sita and Lakshmana resumed their journey.

To Continue





LEGENDS AND PARABLES

THE BLIND WHO WAS NOT BLIND

The king's eyes twinkled with mischief. "Listen, man, my idea of distress is different. I consider only those who are blind as people in distress. Now, you have a pair of bright eyes. How can I spend anything from the special fund on you?"

The poor scholar stood in silence, his head lowered.

"What have you to say to this?" asked the king, amused at the man's silence.

Calmly and slowly the scholar said, "O King, I have no need of your money. But I can tell you that I am blind."

As he saluted and turned to go, the king shouted, "Halt!"

The scholar stopped. "How dare you speak a lie to my face? Do you know the punishment for lying before the king?" shouted the king.

"I do not know what the punishment may be, but I am not lying. I am blind," replied

There was a king who loved to be naughty — not always but at times. One day he declared in the durbar that he had set apart a large sum of money for helping those who were in distress. But nobody asked for any help because nobody was in distress in his kingdom!

A poor scholar who heard this appeared in the durbar the very next day. "Long live the kind and great king. We are lucky to be your subjects, my lord. Now, there is no end to my misery. Be pleased to grant me some allowance from the fund you have created for helping people in distress."

the scholar.

"Throw this man in a dungeon. We will blind him tomorrow," ordered the king.

"My lord, you cannot make me more blind than I am!" said the scholar. He was dragged away by the guards.

"We will put you to death!" shouted the angry king.

The king could not be in peace. Why did the poor man lie to his face? And that too when the fellow expected no benefit from that? He was puzzled by these questions.

He donned a disguise at night and arranged to be thrown into the dungeon in which the scholar was. He pretended to be another prisoner of the king.

"My friend, why did you say that you were blind?" the disguised king asked the scholar after befriending him.

"My dear friend, I have devoted years to the study of scriptures. Yet my eyes could not differentiate between the true giver and the false one. Instead of praying to the Supreme Lord, I prayed to a mere man and expected help from him. What is greater blindness than this? I spoke the truth though it sounded like a lie. The world will know that I died for speaking a lie. But I know that I am dying for speaking the truth!" said the scholar.

The king could not check his tears. He embraced the scholar and repented for his own conduct. "If anyone was blind, it was I. You've opened my eyes," he said and set the scholar free and offered him wealth and position. The scholar, of course, politely rejected the offers and went away.



THE PERFECT AGREEMENT

One day a tyrant was having a kind of meat with milk. "My Lord, when together, these two dishes do not agree!" warned his physician.



"What? What do you say?" asked the tyrant menacingly. "My Lord, the foods will perfectly agree," said the frightened physician.



But the tyrant took ill and his condition grew serious. The physician was called. "Did you not say that the two dishes will perfectly agree?" the tyrant demanded.



"They have perfectly agreed, My Lord," said the physician when he knew that there was no hope for the tyrant's life. "Together they've agreed to kill you!"





THE RELUCTANT FRIEND

Virendra was a well-known businessman of Yashpur. One day, his childhood friend Seshadri came to visit him.

"Dear friend, life has given me many unpleasant knocks. Everyone has cheated me. I'm in such a state today that I can't even support my own family. If you would help me, I'll be saved from this sorry condition."

Seshadri had been shy and soft-spoken right from his childhood. But Virendra on the other hand had been naughty and he used to always make Seshadri the butt of all his pranks. Seshadri used to suffer all this for his friend's sake. As Virendra grew up he stopped being naughty and concentrated on his studies and family affairs. Later he moved into town with wife and children and stayed

there. But Seshadri had remained in the village.

On hearing Seshadri's words Virendra said, "Friends are meant to help each other. What good am I if I can't do a thing for you? Listen, go back to the village, sell your house and whatever little land you have and come back with your family. I'll make you a partner in my business. You can invest the money you obtain from selling your house."

Seshadri did as Virendra had asked him to and returned. Virendra, true to his word, made him a partner and gave Seshadri a house to live in and a thousand rupees for monthly expenses. Naturally, Seshadri's family looked upon Virendra as their saviour.

One day Virendra said to





Seshadri, "Friend, don't even think that you are working under me. You are a partner in this business. If you find any fault in my behaviour or judgement, feel free to speak out your mind."

But Seshadri never said a word that went against his decision. In fact, he used to always behave humbly and treat Virendra with respect.

Seshadri possessed a wisdom born out of his own suffering and hardship. The townsfolk used to come to him for advice and Seshadri used to help them

out of their difficulties in the light of his own experience and commonsense. In a short time he became dear to all the people.

Virendra was a little surprised when he heard about Seshadri's popularity. One day he said, "My friend, I didn't know that you had such hidden qualities. How is it that you've never advised me in any way?"

"That's because I've never found any fault with you," said Seshadri quietly. Virendra's ego inflated at the compliment and he departed happily.

Days went by. One day Virendra's eldest son Shekhar expressed his desire to marry a girl from a poor family. Virendra vehemently opposed the idea. Shekhar threatened that he would go away forever if his father persisted in his objection.

The next day a furious Virendra told Seshadri, "If Shekhar wants to walk out of home, let him. Once he faces the world alone, he'll understand what hardship is. Right now it's my money that makes him so bold!"

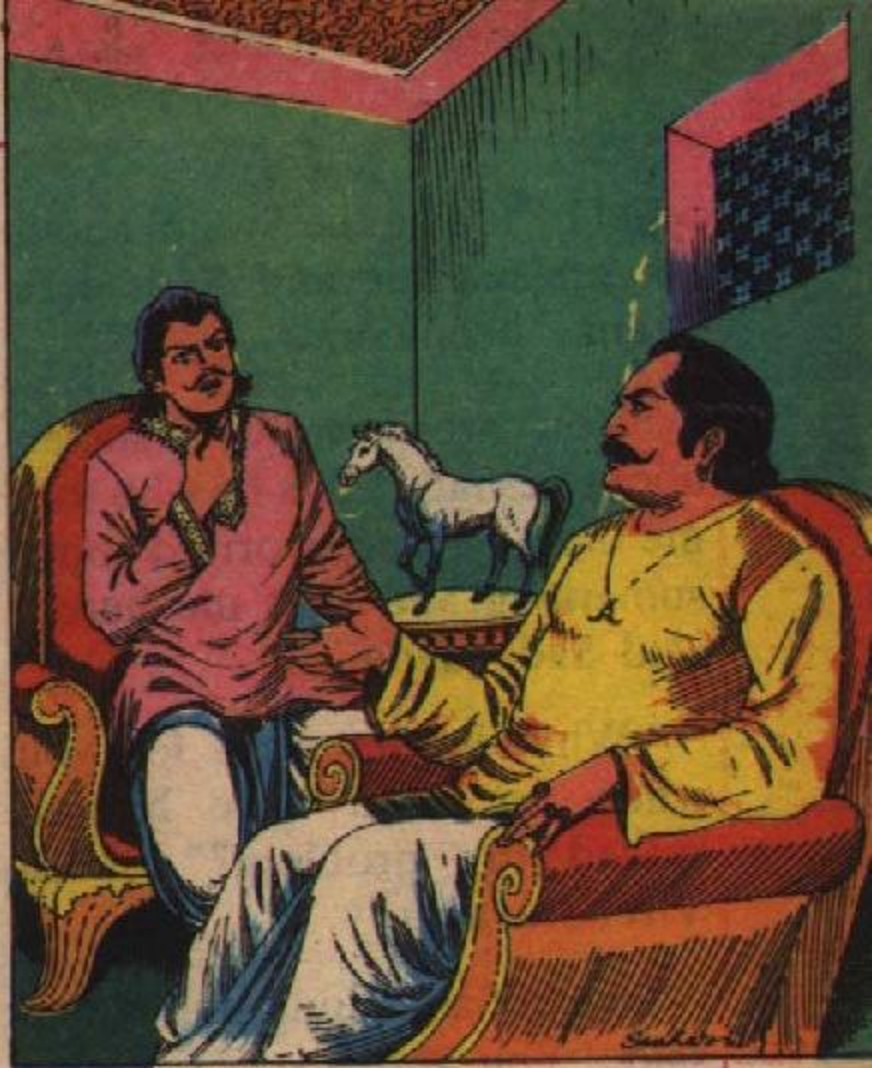
Seshadri remained silent. He didn't offer a word of advice or sympathy.

In the same town there lived another rich businessman named, Dhanagupta. He too had to face an identical situation with his son. But eventually Dhanagupta had accepted the poor girl his son wished to marry. Virendra went to Dhanagupta to enquire about the change in his decision.

"You know, brother," said Dhanagupta with a sigh, "It is very difficult to mend a broken heart. If you accept your son's wife, they will remain grateful to you for ever and look after your need with loving care. But if you let your son walk out of your house, you'll certainly remain firm in your decision, but what about his mother? Your wife's heart would break. Even your son's. And of what use is money if one can't live in peace and happiness?"

Dhanagupta's words softened Virendra. He said, "Brother, how wisely you speak! I wish, there was someone to advise me in this way!"

Dhanagupta was surprised. "What do you say? I haven't come to this decision myself! It is Seshadri who opened my eyes to the reality!"



It was Virendra's turn to be surprised. Seshadri! His mind whirled with confusion. With great haste he returned home to demand an explanation from Seshadri, but he changed his mind.

"Seshadri was a very poor man when he came to me. Can it be that his envy stops him from helping me? He helps and advises everyone else!" Virendra was greatly disturbed by these thoughts.

Two days later his family guru Swami Sadananda came to visit him. During his stay Virendra personally took great care of him. At last Virendra found

relief by telling the Swami about his son's affair and Seshadri's strange behaviour.

"You are greatly mistaken about Seshadri. It is he who told me that you were worried about something and sent me here," said Sadananda.

"Why did he send for you when he could have himself solved my problem?" asked Virendra angrily.

Swami Sadananda smiled and said, "You were a very rich man and he was very poor when he first came to you asking for help. You saved him from the clutches of poverty and helped him start life anew. He will forever remain grateful to you for that."

Virendra was furious. "When

it came to asking for help he found his voice. Why this silence now?"

"You might be his saviour. But the fact that he has not been able to speak to you openly as a friend is no fault of his but yours. You haven't been able to keep up your childhood friendship. That is why he's shy to interfere."

Little by little Virendra understood that he had behaved as a saviour and a do-gooder towards Seshadri and not as a friend. He touched the guru's feet and said, "You have opened my eyes today and showed me how wrong I was."

From that day onwards Seshadri and Virendra again became friends and nothing could separate them.





THE THREE NEIGHBOURS

On the outskirts of a town lived three young men named Sunil, Haridas and Ravi. They were neighbours. Sunil lived in a thatched house and on either side of him lived Haridas and Ravi.

Sunil was a mean fellow. He used to crack jokes at other people's expense and used to play pranks on them. He even had a readymade stock of sarcastic couplets to hurt and ridicule others, specially his neighbours.

One day Ravi went to Haridas and said, "Brother Haridas, we must do something about Sunil. Every morning he dumps his garbage in front of my house!"

"Don't get so agitated," said Haridas "You know it's a habit with him to tease other people."

Ravi returned home angry

and frustrated. "I thought Haridas would side with me and take Sunil to task. After all Haridas too has been the butt of his nasty jokes. But all Haridas does is stay calm and smile! I know what I'll do and then I'm sure Haridas will give me his support."

Early next morning Ravi gathered all the garbage from his house and put it in front of Haridas's. After an hour he went back to Haridas's house and said, "Haridas, look what Sunil had done. We must punish him for this!"

Ravi was surprised when Haridas came out with a broom, but showed no anger against Sunil. "Haridas, aren't you angry with Sunil?" he asked.

Haridas smiled. "No. Any way I would have cleaned the front of my house and this will



not take any extra time. And I don't want to waste time quarrelling with Sunil who'll only be too pleased to see me angry."

Ravi went back to his house disheartened. He felt restless. He had to do something to get even with Sunil. The next day he went back to Haridas.

"Haridas, I'm fed up with Sunil. How do you bear with his jokes and pranks?"

"Relax, Ravi. You shouldn't let Sunil's pranks affect you. You go on with your daily life and forget about his existence."

"Forget about his existence? How can I forget the garbage he unloads every morning in front

of my house? What about his sarcastic remarks? Shouldn't he be punished for his mischief?"

Haridas put his arm round Ravi's shoulders. "Patience, Ravi. I know how trying Sunil can be. But be strong. Put on an armour of calm indifference and nothing can touch you. And as for punishing Sunil, well you'll see if you stay calm everything he says and does to you will rebound on him. And, let us keep busy. If we do, there will be no time for us to pay attention to his roguery."

From that day on Ravi tried to maintain his calm regarding Sunil's nasty jokes and remarks and within a year Sunil stopped being a threat to his peace and happiness. Meanwhile Ravi and Haridas became good friends. They decided to jointly venture into a business. Ravi had kept aside some money for the investment but as Haridas didn't have enough he went to a money lender in the town. The money lender asked Haridas a few questions and told him to return after two days. Haridas did so and got the money he had asked for. Together Haridas and Ravi started their business in town.

Years rolled by. Their business prospered and both Haridas and Ravi became rich men. They built new houses in the place of their old mud houses, got married and had children who were fast growing up too.

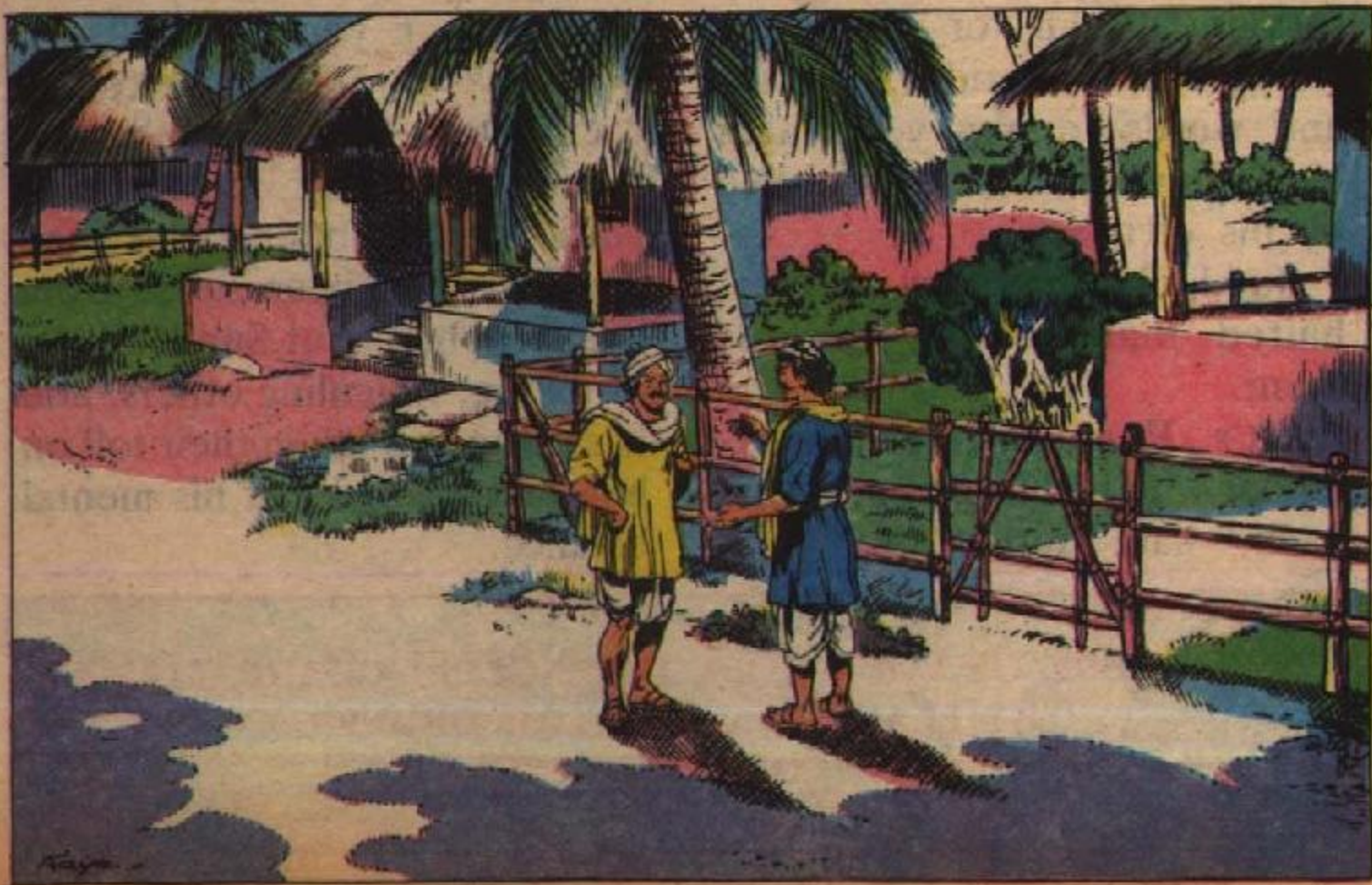
Sunil's house remained a hut sandwiched between Ravi's big house and Haridas' equally big one. Sunil's jealousy over his neighbours' prosperity grew with the years and now he roamed the streets—a madman.

One day there was a big commotion in the neighbourhood. People gathered around Sunil who was shouting, "I told that beggar—go to that house,

he's got lots of gold," said he pointing at Haridas's house. Then he dropped his voice and whispered, "He wasn't actually rich, that was just a joke." Then he laughed some and cried some, paused for a while and said, "But that stupid beggar never went to the house I told him to." There was a long silence.

"He's really gone nuts" said someone from the crowd.

"And then another day a smartly dressed man asked me about who lived in that house." Sunil pointed a finger at Ravi's house. "I told him don't enter that house. There's a small pox





patient there. The next day I found all my money gone. That smart man was actually a thief, a rogue!" Sunil began to weep and then he slumped into a sad silence.

Haridas and Ravi stood together, watching Sunil. Ravi felt sorry for this man who had tormented him for years. He remembered Haridas's advice and words to him years ago. Yes, Sunil had been punished by his own acts.

Suddenly they saw a grey-haired man coming towards them.

"It's Ramdas, the money-lender who had helped me years back," said Haridas.

"Remember you had come to me for a loan and I had asked you to give me two days time to decide? Right now you heard that mad man mention a beggar. It was I. I had come disguised as a beggar to assess your condition. When I heard you had enough gold I wasn't worried about giving you a loan."

Haridas and Ravi looked at each other. Sunil's pranks had been a blessing in disguise. Haridas had obtained his loan and Ravi had been saved from being robbed. But Sunil? Years of joking, ridiculing others, and harassing had taken their toll on him and he had lost his mental balance.

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THE DREAM OF THE DEMONS

In a village a few miles off the sea coast lived a farmer named Sudam. His wife had died long back leaving behind a son called Ramu. Ramu was not a very bright boy. When he became a man Sudam married him to an intelligent girl – Sheila.

One day, while Ramu was doing some carpentry in the backyard of his house, three pot-bellied bearded men appeared before him.

“Young man our King who is the lord of the oceans, wishes to see you. Come with us,” said one of the men.

Ramu opened his eyes wide with astonishment. “Why does your King want to see me?” he asked.

“Our King has been informed that you are the cleverest man in this kingdom. Therefore he

wishes to honour you in his court,” said another one of them.

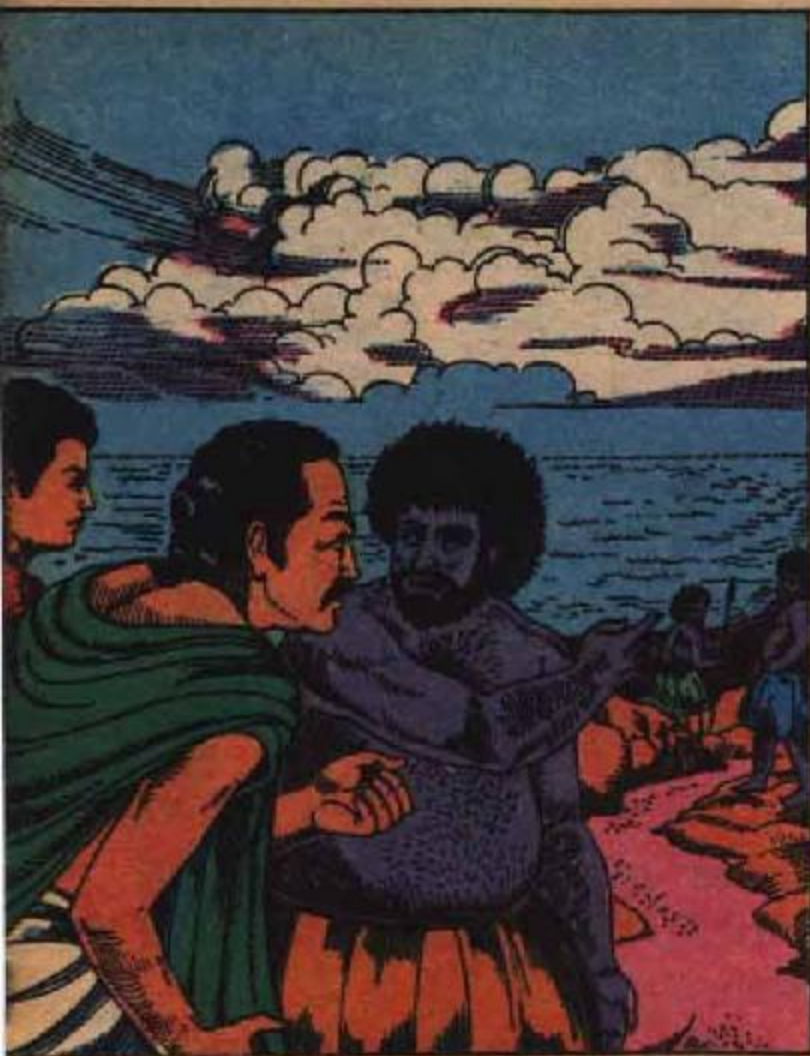
Ramu swelled with pride. “You are right, but my father is cleverer than I am. Why don’t you wait a little? He should be coming in a short while.”

“Our King will be pleased if both of you come. He’ll give you good jobs in the palace. But we don’t have time to spare now. Come to the sea shore tomorrow morning. We shall be waiting for you.” So saying the three strange looking men departed.

When Sudam returned home after his day’s work in the fields, Ramu told him all about the three visitors.

“Father, we shouldn’t let this golden opportunity slip out of our hands. Imagine, no more





slogging in the fields, no more wood work, no worry about food and clothing. Oh, it's going to be fun!"

"But, son, did those men carry any seal or letter from the King?"

"No. But, father, why do you bother about formalities? Just think of it. Tomorrow we're going to meet the King of the seas! All we have to do is reach to the sea shore."

"The sea is quite a few miles away from here. I can't walk that far. If you can make some arrangements to ease the strain of the journey, I'll come along," said Sudam.

Ramu took his problem to his wife. "Now, how do I take father to the shore?" he asked her.

"Easy. Hold his attention by telling one story after another and before he realises he'll have reached his destination. But you'd better select some really interesting stories," said Sheila, laughing.

Early next morning father and son set out for the distant shore. Ramu narrated the stories Sheila had told him the previous night. Soon they reached the vast expanse of sparkling water. A boat was tied to the rocks and the three men were already waiting.

"Ramu, these are demons," whispered Sudam. But it was too late for them to back out.

One of the demons helped them into the boat and proudly said, "Our King is impatient for your arrival. He has sent his fastest boat."

The demons plunged the oars swiftly in. The boat sped over the waves. After a short while they stopped at a desolate island. There were no plants, trees, creepers or any sign of vegetation. The island was a

veritable desert. Sudam and Ramu were led into a dark cave where the demon king sat. He was uglier than his messengers.

"Why have you called us?" asked Sudam impatiently.

"Follow me," said the demon King and he led Sudam and Ramu into yet another cave in which there stood a huge pot with intricate designs on it. "You see that. I have stolen that magic pot from the gods," said the king and patted his moustache. "You become immortal if you eat food cooked in that pot. But, only if the food is cooked by human beings does the magic work. That's why I have brought you here. To help us demons attain immortality. If by tomorrow you do not finish the cooking you will be thrown into the sea." The demon king walked out. The guards immediately bolted the cave door from outside.

"We are trapped father," said Ramu, a sad man.

"Don't worry, son, I'll get us out of here."

After raking his brains for sometime Sudan knocked on the cave door. A guard opened it.



"Take me to the King."

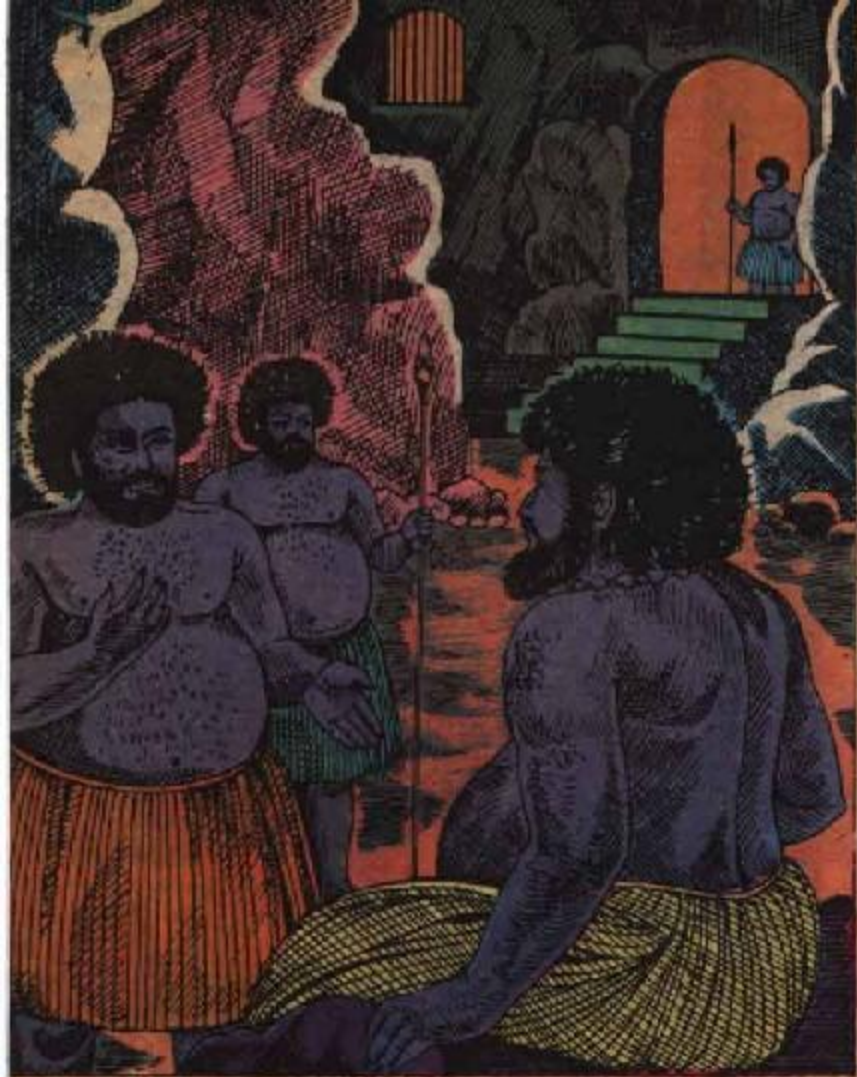
Sudam was taken to the King. "O King, in order to light the fire for the cooking I need two cartloads of sandalwood."

"Sandalwood? We don't have any kind of wood on our island," burst out the demon king.

"Don't worry, I have enough sandalwood in my house," said Sudam.

"Good. My men will fetch them immediately."

"But, O King, my daughter-in-law is a little stupid. Seeing strangers she'll ask a thousand annoying questions. Why don't you send the Prince? Seeing his



royal face, she'll immediately comply with your request. And tell her we couldn't come because we are at present lame, and that we have asked her to treat the Prince in a fitting manner."

The King was pleased. He sent his son along with his men to fetch the wood. When the demon Prince and the other demons reached Sudam's house, Sheila was anxiously waiting for some news of her husband and father-in-law. When she got his message saying that they were lame she immediately understood that they had been deprived of their

freedom. She also understood what will be the fitting manner of treating the Prince.

"Please come this way," said Sheila very sweetly to the Prince. "The wood is stacked here." She led the Prince into a dark room. The moment he stepped in, Sheila bolted the door from outside and locked it. Then she said, "My father-in-law and husband are not the only lame people. Now you're a lame man too."

Sheila next went to the other three demons who were waiting at the threshold of the house and in a tearful voice said, "Look what happened to your Prince. As soon as he entered the room the door closed and got locked by itself, what do I do? The key is with my father-in-law," wailed Sheila.

The foolish demons returned to their island and reported everything to their King. The King called Sudam and Ramu and told them that they had to go back to their village to set his trapped son free.

"Well, your Highness, we are really not anxious to return home. We came for earning money. My daughter-in-law will



not feed us unless we show her our income!" said Sudam.

The demon-King gave them enough gold to last a lifetime to ensure his son's safe return. For the moment the demon-King

forgot his dreams of immortality.

Sudam and Ramu returned to their village, set the Prince free and thereafter lived very comfortably.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





A Folktale tells Why!

WHY DOES A HYENA LIMP?

Now, one day, when he happened to meet a rabbit speeding away, he asked, "What makes you run as if you have seen something strange?"

"I *have* seen something strange," confirmed the rabbit. "I saw a tiny creature that has legs, but no toes on them nor any nails or claws. Its feet are like the branches of a tree. What is more, it can look brown now and green the next moment and dusky a little later!"

"Ha, ha!" the hyena began to laugh.

"And it can see what is in front of it with one eye and what is behind it with another eye!" concluded the rabbit.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

By then the hyena's laughter had become uncontrollable. "Why don't you get your little head examined, dear rabbit? You have just begun to see impossible things!"

Each animal in the forest would like to mind his own business, but not the hyena. He would like to mind everybody else's business! In other words, he was curious about everything. As if that was not enough, he would advise the creatures freely and abundantly whether one cared for his counsel or not.

For example, he would tell the camel, "Why don't you give up that hump on your back?" To a bear he would say, "Have a hair-cut, dear! Are you not ashamed of so much of those useless things all over your body?"



The rabbit tried to convince the hyena of the truth of his statement, but the hyena had fallen into one of his laughing feats and he would not pay any attention to the rabbit's explanations.

"Why does the rabbit not get his head examined?" the hyena went on asking every animal he met, laughing all the while.

What the rabbit had discovered was a chameleon. Poor rabbit! It did not know the wonderful creature's name.

When the hyena repeated his question to all and sundry about the rabbit's head, the rabbit grew serious. "I must do something to stop the hyena from making me the butt end of his ridicule!" he decided.

When they met next, the hyena asked jocularly, "Hello rabbit, what news?" Any new

discovery?"

"Yes, indeed," said the rabbit. "I just learnt a new game which they play in the neighbouring forest. They compete with one another in walking backward!"

"What is so great about walking backward? I can do that easily!" said the hyena and he began walking backward. Plop! He fell into a ditch. It was only with great difficulty that he came out of it. But he had been badly hurt in his hind legs. He began limping.

"Why is the hyena limping?" the rabbit went on asking every animal he saw. That was a great embarrassment to the proud hyena. For a long time he avoided meeting any animal. By and by, of course, all got accustomed to the limping hyena!

—Retold by Sunanda Reddy



WORLD OF SPORT

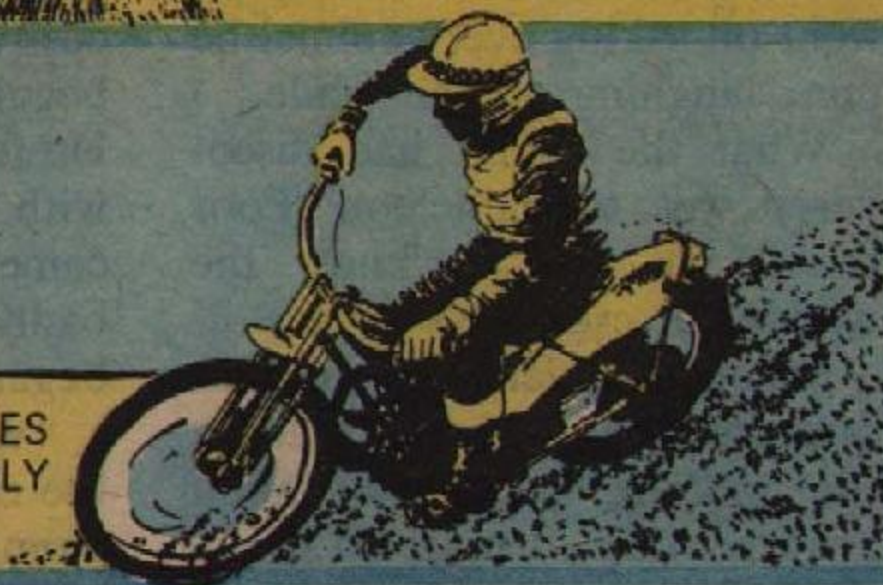


The First Grand Prix

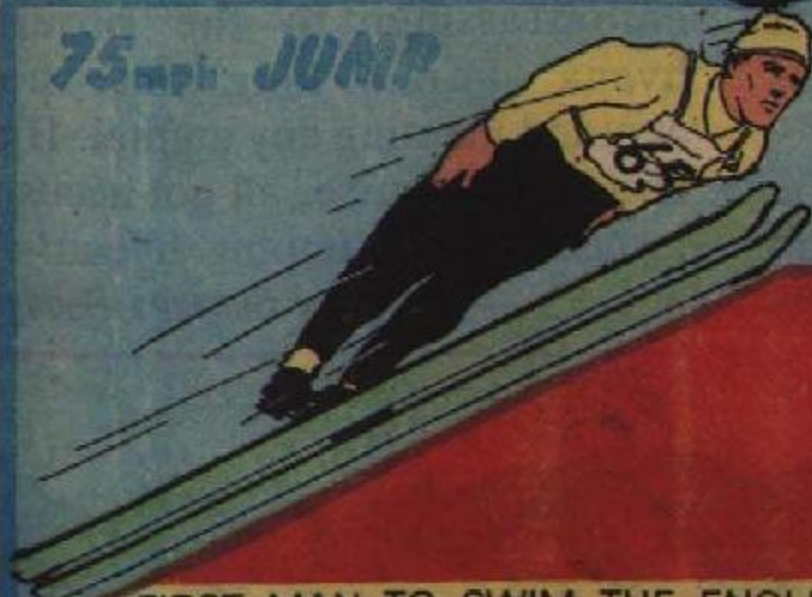
THE FIRST GRAND PRIX WAS HELD NEAR LE MANS, FRANCE, IN 1906 AND WON BY A 90 HP RENAULT AT 65MPH.

NO BRAKES!

SPEEDWAY MOTORCYCLES HAVE NO BRAKES AND ONLY ONE GEAR



75mph JUMP



A SKI JUMPER TRAVELLING DOWN THE RAMP REACHES A SPEED OF 75 MPH AT TAKE-OFF.



FIRST MAN TO SWIM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WAS CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB IN 1875. TIME TAKEN WAS 24 HOURS AND 45 MINUTES. THIS WAS WEBB'S SECOND ATTEMPT.

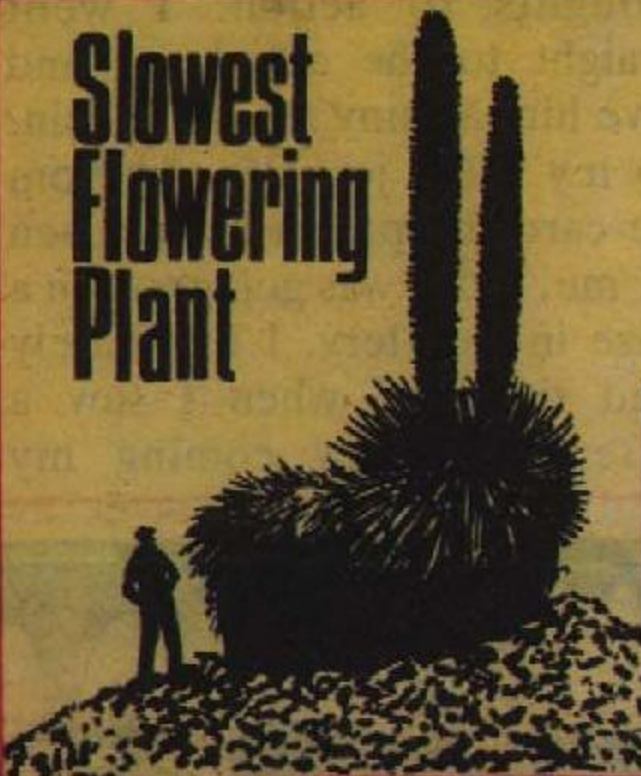
FIRST CHANNEL SWIM



A MOLE CAN DIG A TUNNEL 70 YARDS (64 M) LONG IN A SINGLE NIGHT.

DIGGER

Slowest Flowering Plant



THE WORLD'S SLOWEST FLOWERING PLANT IS THE RARE PUYA RAIMONDII FOUND IN BOLIVIA. IT FLOWERS AFTER 150 YEARS THEN DIES. IT HAS A HEIGHT OF 35 FT. (10.7M) WITH A DIAMETER OF 8 FT. (2.4M)

THE ASIATIC FLYING SNAKE CURLS ITSELF INTO A TIGHT COIL AND SUDDENLY LAUNCHES ITSELF INTO THE AIR, GLIDING FOR MORE THAN A METRE (1.0936 YARDS) AT A TIME.

FLYING SNAKE



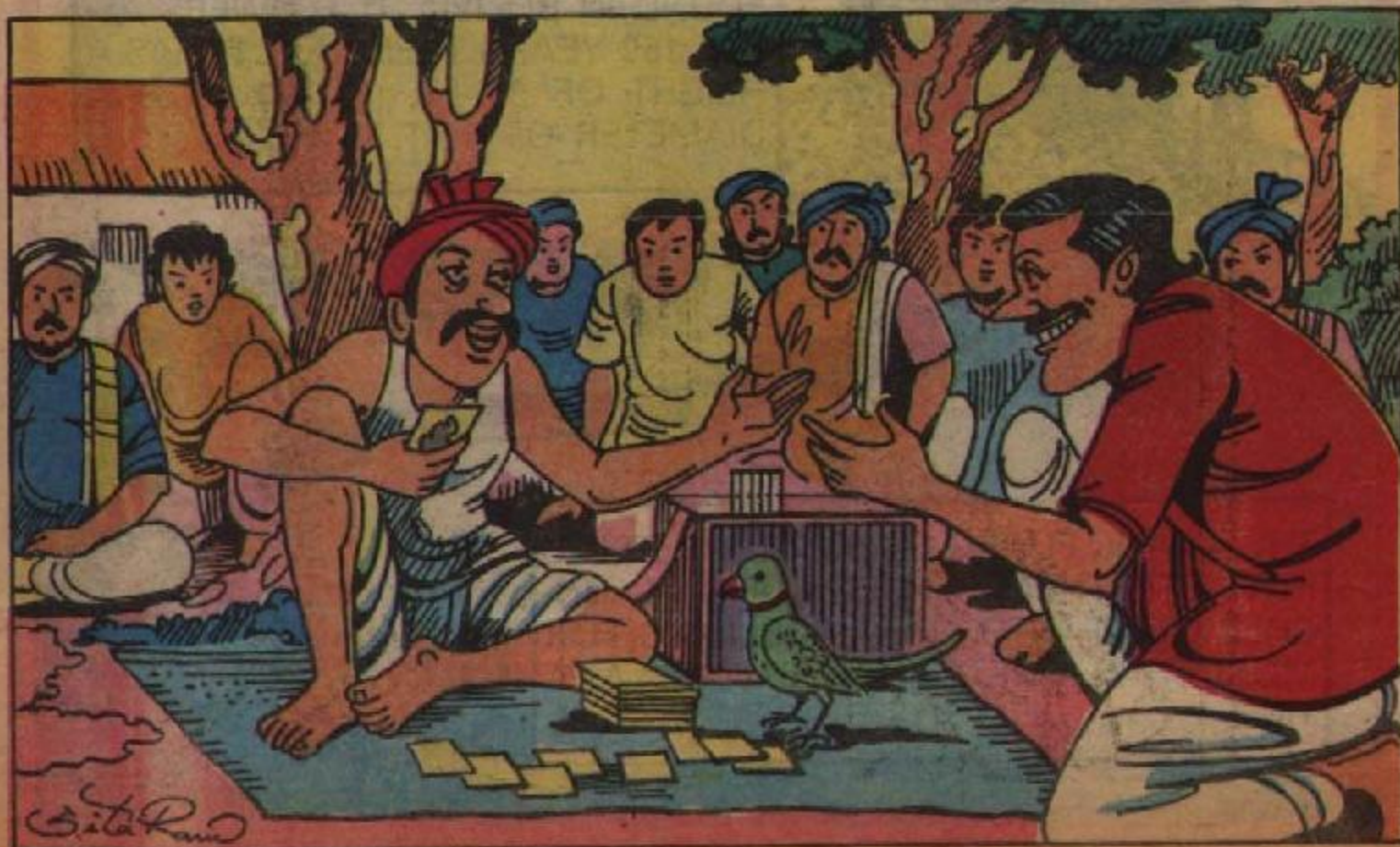
A COINCIDENCE

Everyday on the way to my office I used to come across an astrologer with a parrot and a pack of cards. The astrologer would spread the cards in a semi-circle in front of him and the parrot would pick out a card at random with its beak. This card revealed the fortune of the person who had paid for it. For a mere ten paise one could know one's fortune!

I had been observing the astrologer for the past one month and there never was a

day when he was without a small crowd of people around him.

One day, while I was returning home from my office, I was tempted to know my future. I wasted no time in putting my thoughts to action. I went straight to the astrologer and gave him a shiny ten paise coin. To my great joy I found from the card the parrot had chosen for me, that I was going to win a prize in a lottery. I had barely read the card when I saw a lottery rickshaw coming my



way. It looked as though Providence had sent that rickshaw for my convenience! I lost no time in purchasing a State ticket.

I started visiting temples regularly and gave money to various charities in order to serve God's blessings and the good wishes of the poor.

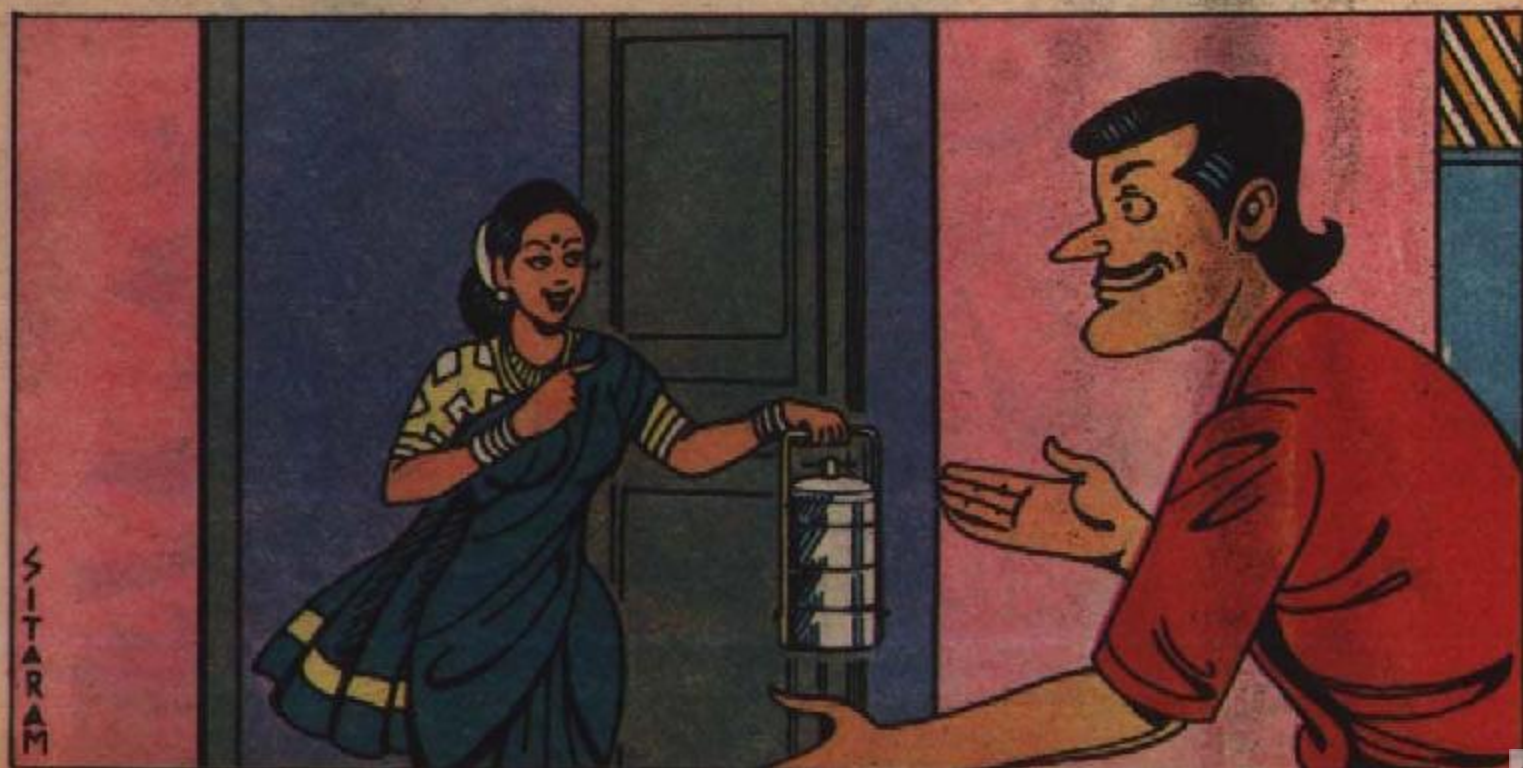
At last came the day when the draw was to be held. I waited impatiently for the evening to come, to see the results in the local newspaper. I remembered Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's words, "The last mile is the longest mile". Indeed, I found that particular day to be the longest day.

After the day's work in the office I purchased an evening

newspaper and with great excitement went into the nearby park. To my great disappointment, I could not find my ticket number in the list. I went through the whole list of numbers over and over again, but in vain. I returned home.

My wife with a beaming face was eagerly waiting for me with a stainless steel carrier. To see her smile was a rare experience. Before I could even question her, out came the news, "I purchased a lottery ticket in your name and you have won a prize—a stainless steel carrier." She showed me proudly the carrier filled with my favourite sweet.

—M.V. Appa Rao



JAYANTI

THE WISE AND TRUTHFUL MAIDEN FROM HEAVEN

Shukracharya, the guru of the demons, once decided to perform a severe *tapasya* near Mount Kailash, the abode of Lord Shiva. His aim was to please the Lord and receive from Him more power as a boon.

The gods were worried. They called upon Jayanti, the beautiful daughter of Indra, and made her promise to do what they will ask her to do—for the safety of the gods. The innocent girl agreed to do so. They asked her to go over Mount Kailash and serve Shukracharya and marry him.

Jayanti knew that if Shukracharya will be attracted to her, his *tapasya* will be disturbed. She did not wish to become the cause of someone's fall. But she had been promise-bound to abide by the direction given by the gods.

So she went down to Mount Kailash and served Shukracharya, but she behaved like a hermitess and like a faithful disciple of the sage.

At last Shukracharya's *tapasya* was over. Lord Shiva appeared before him and granted him the boon he prayed for. Only then, when Shukracharya asked Jayanti what reward he could give her, she said that she will like to marry him. They were married.





New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire

THE ENVIOUS BOSS

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of thunderclaps and the howling and moaning of jackals and hyenas could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulders, the vampire that possessed the corpse, said, "O king, I don't know why you've undertaken such a perilous task on this dark and dangerous night. Is it because you are envious of someone and want to suppress him? Sometimes men do extraordinary things when they are in the grips of envy. Let me cite an example. Pay attention. It might



bring you some relief."

The Vampire went on:

In the kingdom of Lavanya there lived a zamindar named Chakrabhupati. It was his great sorrow that he was childless. He consulted many a tantric and astrologer but in vain.

In his household there was a servant named Gopal. He too was childless. Quite naturally, Chakrabhupati had his sympathies with Gopal.

One day, the zamindar, along with his wife, went on a pilgrimage. There they met a great soul, a rishi who was reputed to have supernatural powers. He gave the couple his blessings and assured them that their

desire will be fulfilled. Chakrabhupati returned with the happy news. He had great faith in the rishi. He advised Gopal to go to the same rishi. Gopal went with his wife and returned with an amulet and the rishi's blessings.

In due time both Chakrabhupati's and Gopal's wife gave birth to a baby each. The zamindar named his son Kamalabhupati and Gopal's son was named Chandra. Kamal and Chandra grew up together and their parents had never been happier.

But as time began to pass Chakrabhupati realised to his chagrin that his son was only interested in good food, new clothes and play. He never sat down to read a book or even touched his slate. Chandra on the other hand was bright and respectful to elders. He pursued his studies with diligence. All his teachers were happy with him. The zamindar realised that while his servant's son had great merits his own son was worthless. The zamindar was deeply hurt by this.

Chandra completed his studies in the village school with flying colours. One day his headmaster came to Gopal and said,

"Have you made plans for your son's future?"

Gopal truthfully replied, "Sir, I haven't given it any thought."

"Chandra is a very intelligent boy. Students like him come one in a million. Send him to Kashi for higher studies," said the headmaster.

Gopal remained silent for a while and then said, "I'm an ordinary servant in the zamindar's house. I don't have the means to send my son to Kashi for further studies, Sir."

"Don't give up hope so easily," said the headmaster. "Speak to the zamindar. He might help you."

The headmaster's words had

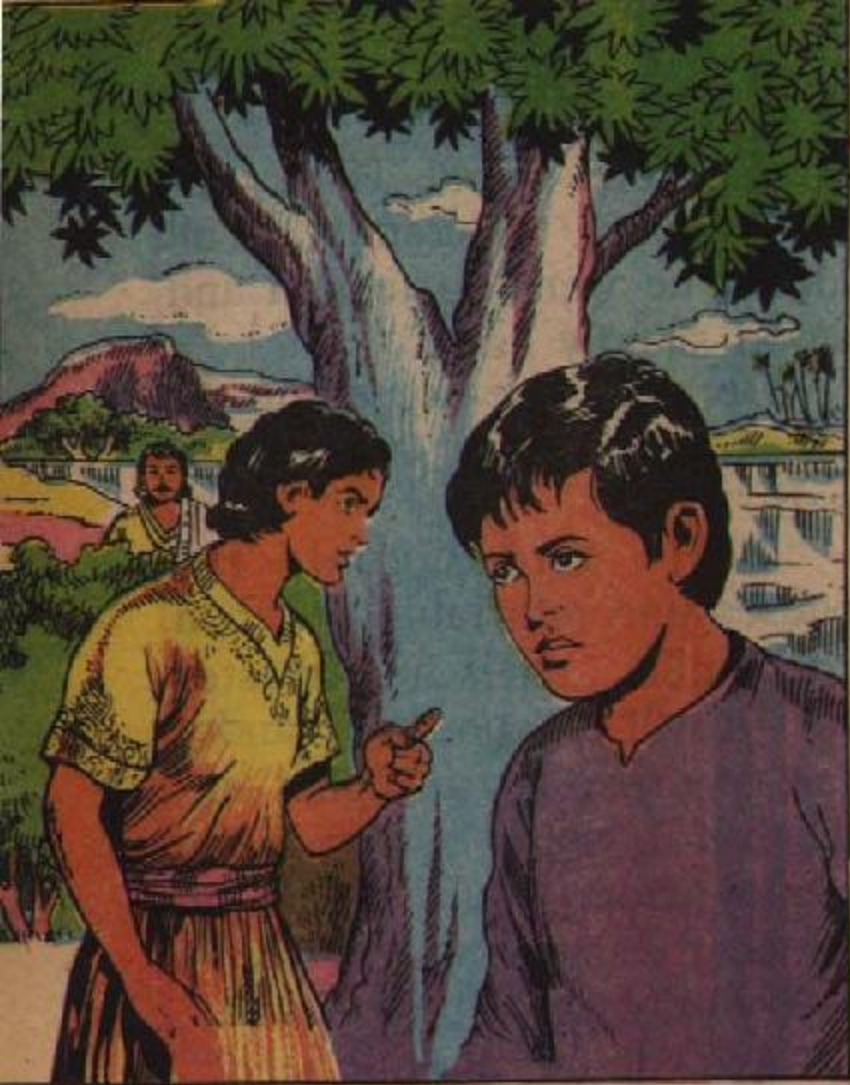
an impact on Gopal. That evening, finding the zamindar all alone, he went up to him and stood silently aside.

"Do you have something to say, Gopal?" asked Chakrabhupati.

"Yes," said Gopal. He paused uncomfortably and then continued, "the headmaster says it will be good if Chandra can go to Kashi for higher studies. If I could borrow some money from you... You can deduct it in instalments from my salary until my debt is repaid."

"Are you out of your head?" cut back the zamindar. He then laughed insultingly, "Do you know how much money it'll cost





to send him to Kashi? What about his food, clothing and lodging? Forget all these fancy dreams, Gopal. Send your son to me and I'll make him my treasurer."

Gopal went away terribly disappointed. He had come with great hopes but the zamindar had ruthlessly dashed them to the ground.

The next day while the zamindar was taking a stroll in his garden he suddenly spied upon his son talking to Gopal's son under a tree. Chakrabhupati hid himself behind a thick bush.

"No, no, no! You can't go to Kashi. I won't let you go. What

do you think you'll gain by higher studies, eh?" demanded Kamal.

"No, I'll go to Kashi. I want to study further," said Chandra softly but firmly.

"I'll see how you go to Kashi. Listen Chandra. Why don't you come with me tomorrow to the neighbouring village instead? They play with money as stake. Whoever wins gets all the money. You're so intelligent, if you come with me, I'll surely win. Please say yes, Chandra, please," entreated Kamal.

"Well if you insist!" said Chandra.

The zamindar immediately went back into the house and called Gopal.

"Listen Gopal. You make arrangements for sending Chandra to Kashi. I have many friends there who'll look after him. Don't worry about the expenses. I'll meet every requirement. You don't have to take a loan from me or ever think of paying back. You just go home and prepare for your son's departure."

Gopal's happiness was great and so was his confusion. He wiped his tears of joy and went home.

The Vampire paused for a moment and then asked King Vikram in a challenging tone: O King, what is the mystery behind Chakrabhupati's sudden change of mind? Why did he agree to meet Chandra's expenses for higher studies so eagerly when only a few hours ago he had laughed at Gopal and had asked him to forget his dream? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith answered King Vikram: There are three reasons why the zamindar changed his decision. The first is, the zamindar understood that Kamal was envious of Chandra. One envies something in someone else when one wants to

acquire that quality oneself. Therefore Kamal's envy proved that he had some attraction for studies although he showed otherwise. The second reason is that the zamindar realised that Chandra was very fond of Kamal. But at present Chandra was too young to be wise. He might even unknowingly harm Kamal by supporting him in gambling. So it would be better if both of them lived away from each other. The third reason is that Chandra could help Kamal by the wisdom gained from higher studies. That's why the zamindar took up the whole responsibility of Chandra's higher studies."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



MAGIC FOR GOLD

Vimla had been married to Raghu for over a year and yet he seemed a complete stranger to her. Raghu would go out everyday and return late at night. If Vimla asked him where he had been, he would reply mysteriously, "Oh some business."

"You seem to be working all day but you've never brought any money home?" Vimla asked at times.

"Be patient, Vimla." And

that's all Raghu said whenever she questioned him. Vimla was greatly worried. The money that Raghu's father had left behind was fast disappearing and even the fields that they owned lay neglected and barren.

One day, Vimla asked her trusted servant to follow Raghu and find out where he went and what he did. The servant followed his master and soon reported back to Vimla that Raghu visited black magicians



in order to learn the secret of changing ordinary coins into gold.

The next day Vimla went to her father Hiralal and told him about Raghu.

"Father, soon we won't even have enough money to buy food. All he's busy about is trying to change ordinary coins into gold! No wonder that some crooks are swindling him of whatever money he has!"

"Don't worry, my daughter. Leave everything to me," said Vimla's father.

A few days later it was the festival of Diwali. Hiralal invited Raghu to his house. After a sumptuous dinner Hiralal beckoned Raghu aside and said, "My son, I'm old and death can claim me any moment. So before I die, I want to pass on a great secret to you. You see, since many years I've been trying to turn ordinary coins into gold and . . ."

"You too? I've been trying to do the same for the past one year but with no success," said Raghu.

"Listen, son, I've finally got the formula but. . ."

"But what?" asked Raghu impatiently.



"I've got all the ingredients with me except the required quantity of earth," said Hiralal solemnly.

"Quick, tell me how much you want and I'll get it for you."

"It is not so simple, my son. Ten handfuls of earth is all that is needed but you can collect only one handful after each harvest. But mind you, one has to cultivate the land oneself. At my age such a thing is impossible," said Hiralal.

"My father has left behind much land for me. I'll start work immediately," said Raghu.

The next day Raghu got up early. He tilled his long neg-

lected land, took out the weeds, added manure, watered it and made it ready for sowing paddy. Everyday Raghu went to the fields. He built a fence around them so that no cows could damage his crop. After a few months Raghu had a bumper crop. But he was only interested in the harvest. After the crop was cut down Raghu scooped a handful of earth and put it in a tight jar. The next day he went back to his fields and started work all over again.

After five long years of ceaseless toil Raghu returned to his father-in-law's house with a jar filled with ten handfuls of earth.

"I've got the necessary quantity of earth," announced Raghu excitedly. "Now let's change ordinary coins into gold!"

Hiralal took the jar full of

earth from Raghu's hands and went into a room. After a while he called, "Come here." Raghu entered the room. Hiralal opened a rusty trunk and said, "Look!"

The trunk was full of gold.

"That was fast," said Raghu feeling the gold coins with his hands. "I'm dying to know what is the secret of this magic."

Hiralal laughed and then patted Raghu on the back. "My son, this is not the result of any magic or abracadabra, but of your own toil. After each harvest, while you collected a handful of earth, Vimla sold the grain in the market and made this money. My son, there are many ways of doing a thing and hard work and perseverance are the best of them," explained the old man.



A Folktale from Thailand

THE KING AND THE CLEVER

In a certain village lived an old man who was very clever. People spoke of his wit and cleverness in such terms that even the king heard of him.

Now, the king was very proud of his own cleverness. He did not like people praising one of his subjects as the cleverest man in the kingdom.

One day the king put on some soiled clothes and went to the

village in which the old man lived, riding an elephant.

The old man's hut stood on a mound of earth on the river. The old man sat on the verandah of his hut. The disguised



king greeted him.

"Whose elephant is this?" asked the old man.

"The king's!"

"You must be a clever man to make use of the king's elephant!" commented the old man.

"Well, I hear that you are the cleverest man in the kingdom. I wonder if I can get a proof of this!" said the disguised king.

"What kind of proof will satisfy you?" asked the old man.

"Can you make me jump into the river?"

The old man looked into the waters and said thoughtfully, "No, I don't think I can do that.

If I could, I should be a very clever man. But a cleverer man will be he who can make you climb out of the river!"

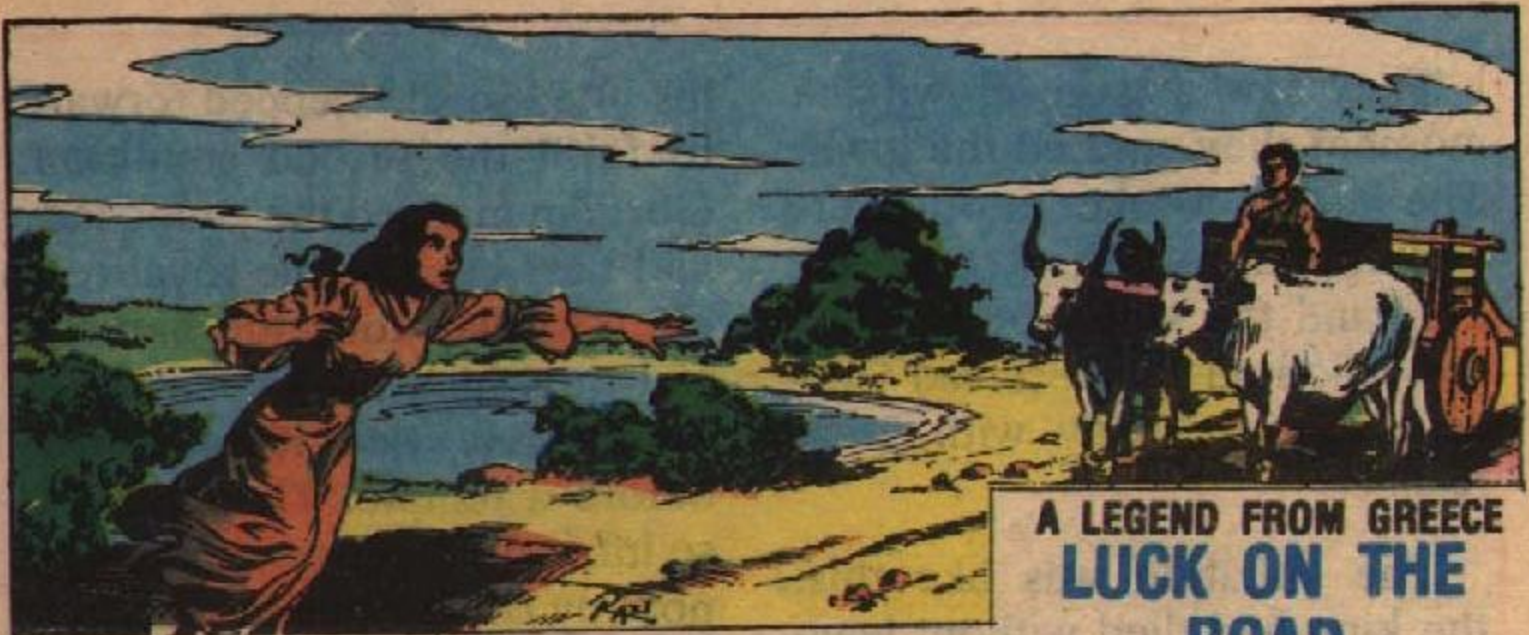
"Why! Is climbing out so very difficult?" asked the king who was a good swimmer. He then jumped into the river and, after a brief swimming, climbed to the bank.

"I climbed out easily!" exclaimed the king.

"You did—as easily as I made you jump into the river!" said the old man.

The king did not utter a word again. He rode back to his palace, shivering but praising the old man silently.





A LEGEND FROM GREECE
**LUCK ON THE
ROAD**

This happened long long ago. The modern Greece was then divided into many small kingdoms. In one such kingdom, Phrygia, lived a young farmer named Gordian.

One day, while he was on his way to the town, driving his bullock-cart along, a falcon dived from the blue and perched on the harness-rod of his cart. Gordian was surprised and delighted, for it was believed that if a falcon sat down on one's vehicle or house, good luck awaited him.

The young farmer drove on. The town was still miles away when he saw a young lady coming running towards him. "Stop for a moment, will you?" she said, gasping for breath. Gordian stopped. "Do you mind giving me a lift?" she asked

politely.

Gordian gave her place by his side. She was beautiful and she spoke sweetly. "With me by your side, you are going to be great," she said. "But not without me!"

"Is that so? Very well. What reward would you like to have if I really become great?" asked the young man. "I will like you to make me your queen!" replied the young lady.

"How can I? I'm no king!" said Gordian.

"My company is going to make you a king!" assured the young lady.

The young lady's words sounded like a riddle to Gordian. However, he liked her and said, "If that is what is coming to pass, I see no reason why I should not marry you!"

They saw a large crowd the moment they entered the town. The crowd broke into cheers and applause. "Here come our king and the would-be queen!" they shouted and received Gordian and the lady with great respect.

The situation was like this: the king had died without leaving any heir. Through a priest a prophecy has been made that the future king would enter the town in a bullock-cart that very day. The future king was to be known by two signs: a falcon would be seen seated before him and the would-be queen would be seen beside him

A young lady who heard the prophecy ran along the road. She saw the young man with a falcon on his cart, but no lady by

his side. So she stepped forward to fulfil the second condition. Gordian married the young lady and they became the royal couple. Gordian took the harness-rod on which the falcon sat as sacred. He tied it to a tree before a temple. The knot was so intricate that, try as one may, nobody could open it for a long time after Gordian's death. It was said that one to undo the "Gordian Knot" would be lucky like Gordian! At last Prince Alexander of Macedonia undid the knot by cutting it, though not by unfolding it. But, after all, he had undid it! No wonder that he should become Alexander the Great!

"To cut the Gordian Knot" means to overcome a difficulty by a strong and sudden measure.





TEMPLES OF INDIA

GAYA AND BODH GAYA

Thousands of years ago a young demon sat down for Tapasya. He concentrated on Vishnu with great devotion and prayed for power. Days and months and years passed. He did not break his askesis.

Gods grew quite anxious about it. What will happen to the earth if a demon becomes very powerful? He might prove a scourge for the innocent and the pious. They decided to disturb the demon's askesis.



One God came closer to the demon whose name was Gayasura, and said, "I am tired. Can I relax for a while on your shoulder?" Gayasura gladly consented to this. The god took position on his shoulder.



Other gods followed. All of them had the same request: they desired to climb on to Gayasura and sit on his shoulders, arms, head and lap. Gayasura enlarged his body and magnanimously let them do as they desired. The gods then began to press him down.

Gayasura understood their motive. His devotion for Vishnu had made him humble and he had no more ambition for power. He said, "I will gladly disappear under the earth, but on condition that you will ever cling on to me." The gods agreed. Gayasura sank under the earth.



On that spot Brahma performed a Yajna. Thus the spot became highly sacred, because Gayasura lay buried there with all the gods and because of Brahma's Yajna. Vishnu was so moved by Gayasura's humility that he appeared there to bless his spirit and bless the place.

The spot where Vishnu appeared is marked by the imprint of His lotus feet. The temple known as Vishnupada temple which is seen today was an offering from Rani Ahalya Bai of Indore.



For ages this place, famous as Gaya, is considered particularly sacred for paying homage to departed souls. People gather there everyday and perform rituals for the welfare of the spirits of their departed parents, grandparents and others.

The sacred river Phalgu flows through the place — as invisible as the spirits. But dig at the right place and water is found instantly. The water of the Phalgu has great merit, it is believed.





At a distance of fourteen kilometres from Gaya is Bodh-gaya. It is here that Gautama Buddha meditated under a peepal tree and got enlightenment. The century-old Bodhi tree that stands today is a descendant of the one that gave shelter to Buddha.

The pyramidal Mahabodhi temple is a unique example of Buddhist architecture. It contains a gilded image of the Buddha. Its gateway is richly carved. It has drawn numerous devotees, both Buddhists and others, through the centuries.



Close by the Mahabodhi temple is the Animeshlochan Chaitya. This marks the spot where the Buddha stood, gazing at the horizon in gratitude, after his enlightenment.



"THE EXPERT"

Pundit Jagannath who lived in the village of Haripur had four daughters but no son. Jagannath performed many ceremonies and eventually his wife gave birth to a son. Jagannath was an ordinary teacher. But because he was a Brahmin, the villagers called him a pundit. Jagannath had no doubt that his son would one day become a true pundit. So he named the child Visharad meaning "the Expert".

Visharad was brought up with a lot of love and care. By the time he picked up his chalk to write the alphabet, most children of his age had already mastered it. But pundit Jagannath wasn't worried. He was confident that however late, his son would prove his brilliance in no time.

Visharad's education began.

On the first day he banged his slate to the ground and broke it to pieces. Jagannath's face waned with disappointment. But his wife said, "Don't worry. This is in fact a good sign. In future our son will shatter everyone's pride in the same way he shattered his slate." The pundit was happy again. Little did he imagine then that the first pride to be shattered was the boy's parents'!

If Visharad picked up his slate, it was not to write but to draw absurd pictures. All the pundit's efforts to get his son interested in studies failed.

One afternoon Jagannath saw an ascetic resting under the shade of a peepal tree in front of his house. Jagannath went to him and invited him home. The pundit's wife prepared a num-



ber of dishes and took great care of the ascetic. When the guest had eaten well, he said, "My son, if you have any problems you can speak to me, I'll try and help you out of it, If I can."

Jagannath told the guest about his son's lack of interest in studies. The guest asked to see Visharad. The pundit's wife called him from the nearby ground where he had been playing with his friends.

The ascetic took Visharad's hand and studied his palm for a long time. Then he turned to Jagannath and said, "My son, don't be disheartened. Your son will one day find a place in the

King's Court!"

"In the King's court!" Jagannath exclaimed. "But how? How can that be possible?"

"Teach him Sanskrit," said the ascetic and then he took leave of the family.

But the pundit's happiness was short-lived. Visharad refused to learn a simple vernacular. How can one teach him Sanskrit, the language of the gods? Jagannath wondered. He couldn't believe that his son would one day be a great scholar and get a place in the king's court. "But why should the ascetic tell lies?" thought he. So he started to teach his son Sanskrit. Visharad himself put in a little more effort than before because he too had heard the ascetic's prophecy and that gave him some impetus to pursue his studies.

But even after months of patient perseverance Jagannath was unsuccessful in teaching his son. Visharad couldn't speak a single sentence correctly and he invariably mixed up the genders. In fact whatever he spoke was so full of blunders that one could hardly guess that he was speaking Sanskrit. To top it all, Visharad himself was entirely

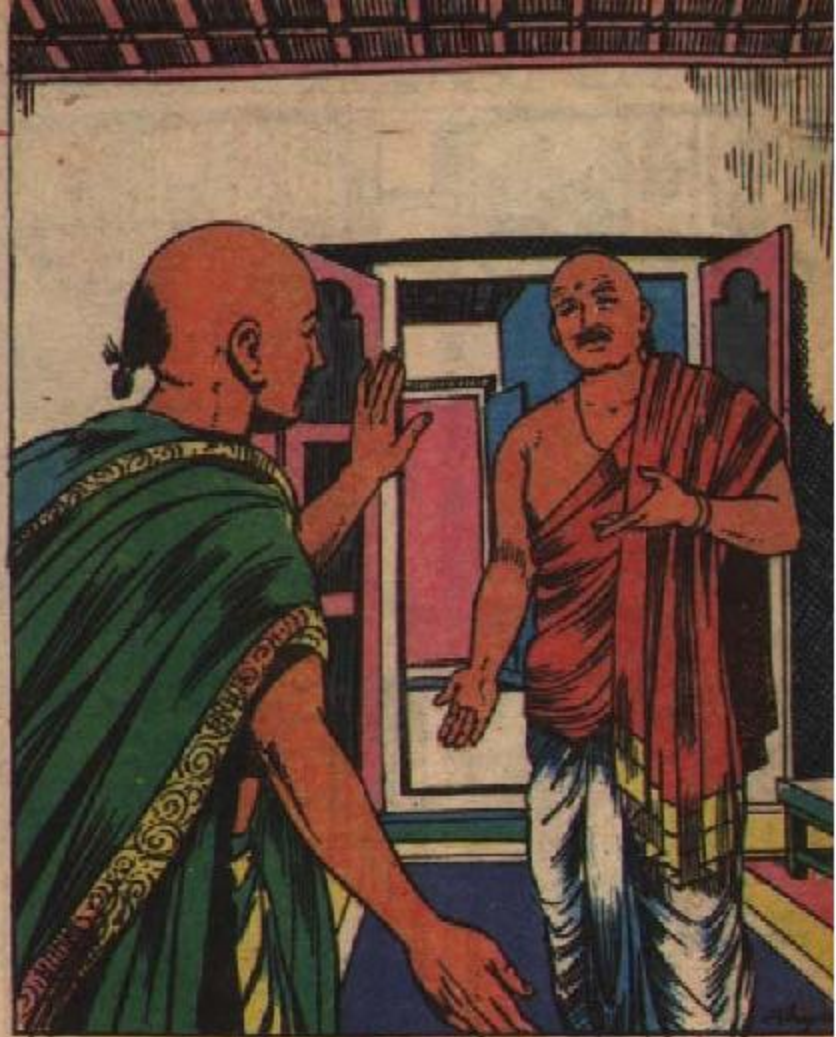
satisfied with his work. He never made an effort to correct his mistakes. "Oh, this much will do," he would say.

At last, the disheartened pundit one day told his wife, "I have taught so many children but it is simply impossible to teach Visharad anything."

But his wife retorted, "Our son is not one among so many! I don't think you know enough Sanskrit to teach him. Go and leave him with a greater pundit."

Jagannath heaved a sigh of relief and the next day he took his son to a reputed Sanskrit pundit named Vidyabageesh who lived miles away from their village. After Vidyabageesh had heard Jagannath's story, he said proudly. "Leave your son with me. I have made great scholars of even dunces. Your son will be no exception." Jagannath returned home, glad to transfer his responsibility to someone else.

After fifteen days the proud guru Vidyabageesh realised that, Visharad was indeed an exception to the rule. The young man never believed that he made any mistake! Whenever the guru would point out a



mistake, Visharad would say, "Sir, I think these are hardly mistakes. I don't sound all that bad! Don't worry!"

After two long exasperating years Guru Vidyabageesh finally told Visharad, "Son, your education is over. There's nothing more you can learn in the field of Sanskrit. You are free to go where you please."

Visharad smiled and said, "I'm destined to get a position in the king's court. My footsteps can only lead me to the capital. I'm sorry I don't have anything now to give you as your reward, but pray tell me what I can do for you."



“You’ll do me a great favour only if you don’t disclose that I taught you Sanskrit!”

Visharad beamed. “I understand your feeling, Sir. Impressed by my performance, people will naturally flock to you and beg you to be their guru. I will spare you those difficulties. I promise to keep your secret.”

Visharad took leave of his guru who slept well that night after two years. He headed for the Capital. He was still on his way when it became evening. Luckily he found shelter in a Brahmin’s house. He noticed however that the Brahmin’s wife was angry with her husband

for something. He said, “Sister, I am a great Sanskrit scholar. You shouldn’t behave in such a rude manner in my presence!”

The woman’s face brightened up. She herself had studied Sanskrit and yearned to talk to somebody in that language. She started talking to Visharad in Sanskrit. But when Visharad spoke, she couldn’t understand a word of what he said. She began to get frightened for Visharad began to sound more and more like some tantric reciting some abracadabra.

That night she told her husband, “You don’t need to bring a wizard to humble me. I promise to behave in a subdued way from now onwards.”

In the morning the Brahmin gave some silver coins to Visharad and said, “Here, take this letter of introduction. You can be a guest at Veerabhadra’s, the famous Sanskrit scholar of this area.”

Visharad thanked him and departed. By evening he reached Veerabhadra’s house and gave him the letter. Then he recited a couplet in Sanskrit to greet the famous scholar. Veerabhadra blinked, for he understood nothing. In fact, he

was a bluff himself. He thought, "Visharad must be a true scholar. The couplet he recited was beyond my understanding. It must have been in high class Sanskrit of which I'm ignorant." In the morning he presented Visharad with a hundred silver coins and bade him a prompt farewell, lest his own ignorance will be found out!

Visharad reached the capital and spent the night in the dharmashala. There he came to know that Dharmaraj was the chief pundit of the King's Court. The next day he went to Dharmaraj and said, "I'm a great scholar. I'm destined to get a job in the king's court." Needless to say, he said this in Sanskrit.

Dharmaraj laughed. "The king himself is a Sanskrit scholar. He will cut off your tongue if you go to him claiming that gibberish as Sanskrit."

"You are jealous of me," said Visharad.

"O.K. Try your luck. But I warn you the king is in mourning so you'd better wait for a few more days," said Dharmaraj.

But Visharad went straight to the palace. There the guards



stopped him but they were awestruck when he began speaking in Sanskrit. He passed by them and confidently strode into the king's chamber. The king was quietly mourning the death of his favourite horse. Visharad immediately started his long address to the king in Sanskrit. The king who was steeped in sorrow, didn't pay attention to him at first. But when he did, he instantly burst into uncontrollable laughter. He had never heard any language spoken so funnily. The king came out of his spell of depression. He was amused with Visharad for he had helped him get rid of his



grief. "You may join our court," he said.

Visharad called his parents from his village to stay with him in the capital. The king used to summon Visharad whenever he was depressed and he never

failed to cheer him up with his parody of Sanskrit. Visharad sent a handsome reward to Vidyabageesh. When the guru heard the news of Visharad's good fortune, he said, "One can witness strange happenings, if one lives long enough!"

WONDER WITH COLOURS

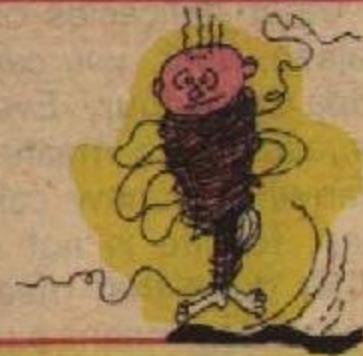


DID YOU KNOW



August has 30 days until Augustus Caesar pinched a day from September and added it to August and named the month after himself.

The blood circulation in the whole body is carried on by vessels which will measure to sixty thousand miles.



H.G. Wells wrote about 'atomic bomb' in 1914 in *The World Set Free*, three decades before the real atomic bomb stunned the world.

The word 'Scientist' did not exist before 1840. It was coined that year by an English scholar, William Whewell.



The great hero Napoleon Bonaparte was always frightened by cats. This is an abnormalcy known as ailurophobia.

Maximum number of plays to be written by any playwright is 2,200, by Lope de Vega (1562-1635). Less than 500 are in existence.



YOU CANNOT EAT YOUR CAKE AND HAVE IT TOO!

It was Reena's birthday. Her friends surrounded the table on which Rajesh had placed a charmingly made cake. Reena cut it into slices amidst applause by her friends. Then all of them began helping themselves. Rajesh while talking to his friends, finished eating his cake and, unmindfully, reached for another slice. But by then the last bit of the cake was gone though there were other delicacies on the table.

"Rajesh, dear, *you cannot eat your cake and have it too!*" commented Grandpa Chowdhury. Everybody laughed. Of course, all of them understood the phrase which meant one cannot have advantage of both alternatives.

Meanwhile a new cake had appeared on the table. "Enjoy the cake, children, for life is not all *cakes and ale!*"

"What does that mean, Grandpa?" asked one of the young guests.

"The phrase means a good time. I wish you all *cakes and ale*, but *my cake is dough!*" said Grandpa.

"My cake is dough?" someone raised his eyebrow.

"That means my plan or project has failed."

"Grandpa, that is not true. And, if you write a book on English usage, it will go like hot cakes!" observed Reena. "You may receive a prize!"

"Thanks, Reena, but I will leave the field to you. I will let you *take the cake!*"

All of them laughed again, for they knew that the last phrase with cake meant to carry off the prize.





LET US KNOW

Who answers the questions put by the readers in this section? Do the readers themselves provide the answers?

Lotus Samuel, Bombay

The Editorial department answers the questions. Sometimes readers themselves send answers with their questions and the answers may be authentic too, but the problem is, we receive numerous questions and we make a selection of only such questions which have not been answered earlier or which may be helpful to the maximum number of readers. Hence providing the answers is an editorial responsibility.

How many nations have the veto power and who are they?

K.S. Ramappa, Kasipura (Kolar)

The U.N. Security Council has fifteen members. Of them five are permanent and ten are elected every two years by the General Assembly of the United Nations. Only the permanent members have the power to veto any resolution. They are China, France, U.S.S.R., U.K. and U.S.A.

Where is Potala? Who built it?

Senpa Tsering Pem, Mussoorie

Potala is the name of a hill in Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. The magnificent palace of Dalai Lama, the religious head-cum-ruler of Tibet, dominates the hill and is also named as Potala.

The Potala fortress was built by the fifth Dalai Lama (the present Dalai Lama, living in India, is the fourteenth). Nagwang Lobzang. That was in the forties of the 17th century. Additions were made later and portions were also destroyed during the Chinese invasion in 1959.

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PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



D. Mangal

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for June '86 goes to:-
Kum. R. Pushpalata 6 Hardayal,
Vallabh Baug Road, Ghatkopar East,
Bombay-400 075

The Winning Entry:—'Weary Labourer & Cheery Admirer'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

All human power is compound of time and patience.

— Balzac

We refuse praise from a desire to be praised twice.

— Rochefoucauld

Heaven is never deaf except when man's heart is dumb.

— Quarles

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FEATURES AND FICTION FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW



"All the while those nasty little tooth demons were just waiting to cause serious trouble to my teeth.

And as my mother explained to me, they were actually 'bacteria' getting together with food particles and 'releasing acids', which would then attack my 'tooth enamel'... bore little holes... and leave behind those painful cavities!

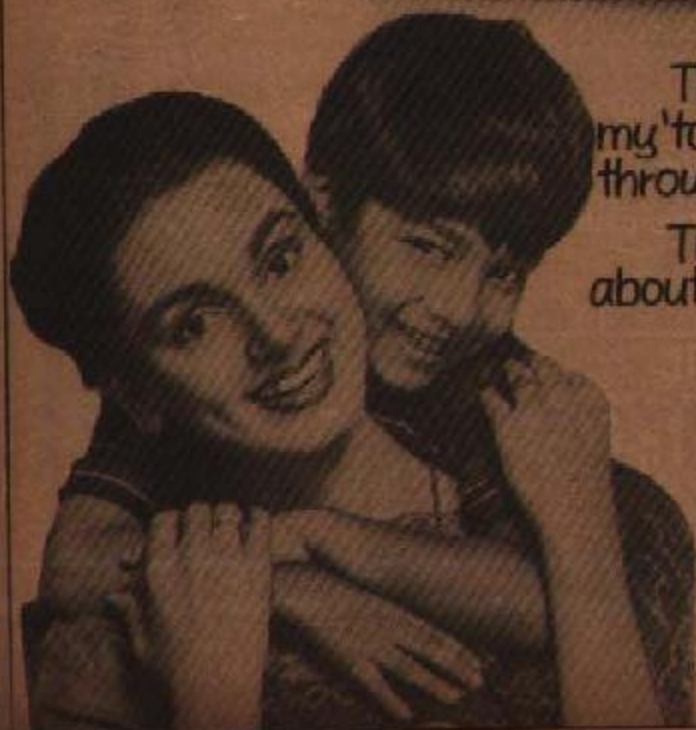
But I knew I was safe! I was armed with



My
Superfighter

FORHAN'S FLUORIDE.

It helps me win the war against cavities!



The fluoride in my Superfighter hardens my 'tooth enamel' so that 'bacteria' cannot get through and give me cavities.

Thanks to my mother, I've learnt all about my tasty, foamy Superfighter."

In an attractive new pack!



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